A PROUD PAIR.

"What makes that peasant so proud to-day?"

"Oh, he has the biggest rooster in town—and his wife the biggest hat."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Not Lacking in Dignity.

There was once upon a time a country lawyer who was noted for his sedate manners and his judicial bearing. In the course of time he was elevated to the bench, where he conducted himself and the court with becoming demeanor, and where he won a reputation for sagacity based nearly altogether upon his solemn accents and his corrugated brow.

One who knew him well was asked by a stranger who saw the judge pass upon the street whether he was really an efficient arbiter.

"Well," said the acquaintance slowly, "I think I may say that John presides with more dignity and less ability than anyone else I ever knew."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Forestalled.

"Well, Mrs. Dennis, what are you going to give Pat for Christmas this year?" inquired the recipient of Mrs. Dennis' regular washday vists, one day at the beginning of the festal season.

"'Deed thin, ma'am, I don't know," replied Mrs. Dennis, raising herself from the washtub and setting her dripping arms akimbo. "I did be thinkin' I'd give him a pair of pants, but, Lord bless ye, ma'am, only last night didn't he come home wid a pair on."—Success Magazine.

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

Great Improvement.

The patient told the doctor all his symptoms. At the end of the recital the medical man looked severe.

"My dear sir," he said, "you must gradually give up whisky and soda."

Some months later he met the patient and inquired whether the advice had been followed.

"To the letter," replied the patient, beaming. "Why, I've already given up soda completely!"

Evidence.

"His wife married him to reform him."

"And she succeeded, didn't she?"

"I don't know; I didn't know him before he was married."

"Neither did I; but you can see that he don't amount to anything now."

NEWS FROM THE METROPOLIS

Career of Bogus Count is Unmasked

NEW YORK.—The wooing of Miss Isabella Garwood, the wealthy New York spinster, by "Count Bettini di Moise," which has met a sudden halt in Paris owing to diplomatic intervention, has brought to light the amazing career of the wooer. This gallant of 60, who sought the hand of Miss Garwood, and incidentally the settlement upon himself of an income of $40,000 a year, has failed to qualify in the marriage stakes in which he was making such a fine running for several various reasons.

First, he has a wife living.

Secondly, he is not an Italian count.

Thirdly, he is not even an Italian.

Fourthly, he is not even a Di Moise.

Fifthly, he has not even the right to the name Bettini.

He began by being born in an obscure Dalmatian village, the son of a humble though respectable family named Moses.

Young Moses was sent to the University of Padua to study medicine. His dearest chum was once Giovanni B. Bettini.

When young Bettini died, and after Dr. Moses had practiced a bit in the Balkans, he came to this city and began practicing medicine under the name of Dr. Giovanni Bettini. In fact, he exhibited a diploma from the University of Padua in the name of Giovanni B. Bettini.

Now it happened that this same diploma had been buried with its owner, and when his parents learned from friends in this country that a brilliant young physician named Dr. Giovanni V. Bettini was practicing and had a diploma in that name, his relatives wondered if a miracle had been wrought. To relieve their anxiety on this score the body of young Bettini was disinterred. When the coffin was opened the body was that of Bettini. However, the diploma was missing.

It was a rather pleasant yarn, and Dr. Moses did not long after retain the name of Dr. Bettini.

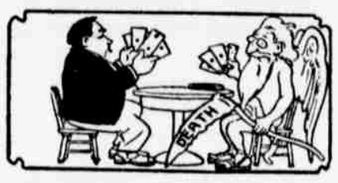
He had met in the Balkans a Count and Countess Di Moise and made love to the countess. He was a man of singular attraction at that time and the countess loved him. The count died and relatives sent for the countess to come to this city. She was here when Dr. Moses came over, and they discovered that their love for each other was even stronger than before the death of the count.

They lived together and when Dr. Moses became uncomfortable under the name of Bettini he solved the annoyance by taking the name of his friend, the countess. That's how he became the Count Di Moise. Still clinging to the name Bettini, he tacked that in front and thereafter continued to be known as Bettini di Moise, with "count" for a handle when he thought it safe to employ it.

Just what the fate of the real Countess di Moise was after that is veiled in mystery. She disappeared from view to be replaced by a slim, blonde "countess," an American girl. She was Miss Hattie Burchell, sister of Thomas H. Burchell, a wealthy merchant of 500 Broadway.

The American woman is living in New York, and her son, calling himself Count di Moise, is a student at Columbia university.

Pat Sheedy, Noted Sport and Art Expert



PAT SHEEDY, America's most famous sport, one-time gambler king and in later years art sharp, is close to death. Fatty degeneration of the heart is what is taking the noted sporting man out of the game, but even now, with one foot in the grave, he is gambling with death with the same old coolness and aplomb that marked the busier days when he flirted with chance in every quarter of the globe. The doctors say his death may be expected at any time without a moment's warning.

America has never seen the equal of Pat Sheedy as a nervy gambler for high stakes and as a man who knew all about the game that any human may know. In his palmy days he was not a welcome visitor at the gaming places, for when he sat down at a table it was almost an even bet whether he would remain there until he owned the house or drove the proprietor to the woods. He has owned gambling establishments in practically every capital of Europe.

In his later years—he is now 59 in years and 90 in physical condition and in experience—Sheedy turned to art. His gallery occupied most of his house here and included many of the most striking works of noted painters, especially the French, Dutch and Belgian artists. His recovery of the celebrated Gainsborough painting after it had been cut from its frame in a London gallery and carried half way round the world by the thief, is well remembered.

Again in 1906 Sheedy learned that the Moorish bandit, Raisuli, was in possession of a noted panel by Correggio. He went to Zeenat, the bandits own village, and finally dickered to a price, returning to Paris with the masterpiece.

For a couple of years Sheedy has been living quietly in New York, no longer very wealthy, but in no immediate danger of want.

"Heckling" Popular Summer Diversion

"HECKLING" promises to become one of New York's popular summer diversions. A month ago heckling was unknown. Now it is in a fair way to supersede Marathon races in general favor. Briefly, the new sport somewhat resembles bull baiting, and is a popular form of the fine art of cross-examination. The object of the game is to put query after query to the heckled one and then to deny the truth of all answers. The result does not count.

The new pastime was introduced by District Attorney Jerome, who allowed himself to be heckled by 1,700 persons recently, when at a public meeting they fired every conceivable question at him, from those dealing with his personal habits to those having to do with his conduct of office and his beliefs as to the future life. For the first time on record a public officer gave a public accounting of his stewardship, and though the accounting may not have amounted to much, as one of the 1,700 hecklers insisted that Mr. Jerome was not telling the truth during the whole evening, persons interested in political reforms hope that this unique accounting marks the dawn of an era of real political responsibility to the people.

Unfortunately, however, heckling has wrought dire results in other fields. Only two days after Mr. Jerome introduced the pastime a man brought suit for divorce on the ground that his wife heckled him, specifying that she had asked him an average of 431 foolish questions every day for a month. Likewise a policeman resigned from his place, a busy Broadway corner, giving as his reason that the crowds in search of information heckled him to an unbearable extent. So at present it seems to be a question whether this city will benefit from the new diversion.

Mrs. Sage Gives Away $25,000 a Day

MRS. RUSSELL SAGE is giving away the fortune that her husband amassed through years of toil and parsimony, at the rate of $25,000 a day, and has already succeeded in getting away with $25,000,000, but she is still far behind Andrew Carnegie in the matter of munificent donations to the public. Mr. Carnegie has invested $51,596,962 in public libraries alone, having built 1,860 of them in this country and abroad.

Mrs. Sage has been more catholic in her munificence, her charities taking a wide range. Though she has given the public far less than has Mr. Carnegie, it is because she got started so much later. It took Mr. Sage 50 years to accumulate his fortune of $65,000,000, and if his widow continues to give it away at the rate she has for the last three years, all will be gone in five years more. Statisticians have figured out that Mr. Sage's estate represented $3,500 a day for the active years of the financier's life.

When Mrs. Sage, after the death of her husband, set about distributing her wealth the causes of education and religion and the amelioration of human misery appealed most strongly to her. To educational institutions she has recently given nearly $5,000,000, to religious work something like $2,500,000, to the Sage Foundation $10,000,000, while the remainedr has gone to works of semi-religious and educational character.

JOB WOULD KEEP HIM BUSY

Greenhorn Sailor Realized the Captain Had Given Him a Big Contract.

In the height of the recent wheat tumult Broker Patten, discussing the government's wheat estimates with a reporter, said calmly:

"But some of the men the government takes its figures from are greenhorns. Perfect greenhorns. As bad as the Dutch sailor, you know.

"The captain said to the sailor, when the ship came to port:

"'Take a boat, run ashore and buy two dollars' worth of vegetables.'

"The sailor didn't know what vegetables were, so as soon as he struck land he said to a 'longshoreman:

"'What is vegetables, mate?'

"'Oh, dried peas, for instance,' the 'longshoreman answered.

"So the Dutch sailor spent his two dollars on a huge sack of dried peas.

"When he drew near the ship again with his load the captain called him from the bridge:

"'Well, have you got those vegetables?'

"'Aye, aye, sir,' said the sailor.

"'Then,' said the captain, 'hand them up to cookie one at a time.'

"'Shiver my timbers!' said the sailor, 'I've got a job before me now, and no mistake!'"

ACCENT ON THE "PUS."

Teacher—Now, Jimmy Green, can you tell me what an octopus is?

Jimmy Green—Yes, sir; it's an eight-sided cat.

A Rich Error.

"Printers' errors are always funny," said Gen. P. P. Parker of the Arizona G. A. R., "and I'll never forget one that was made over a Memorial day sermon some years ago in Phoenix.

"The Monday morning report of this sermon began:

"'The Rev. Dr. John Blank greased the pulpit on the occasion'—and so on.

"'Graced,' of course, is what was meant."

Absent All Around.

The absent minded professor returned home one evening, and, after ringing his front doorbell for some time to no effect, heard the maid's voice from the second story window: "The professor is not in."

"All right," quietly answered the professor; "I'll call again." And he hobbled down the stone steps.—Lippincott's.

The Novel Type.

In a late magazine story a perfectly lovely girl is described as follows: "She was very small and dark, and very active, with hair like the color of eight o'clock—daylight and darkness and lamplight all snared up together, and lips like all crude scarlet, and eyes as absurdly big and round as a child's good-by kiss."

How do you like it? Would a girl who answered that description be worth shucks in everyday experiences?—Atchison Globe.

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

A Reflection.

"To my annoyance," she said, "I found he had a lock of my hair. How he got it I can't imagine."

The older girl smiled oddly.

"When you were out of the room, perhaps?" she hazarded.

Economy.

Some women's idea of economy is doing without the things that her husband likes best to eat.

And occasionally a man tells lies by keeping his mouth shut.

After breaking a $5 bill the pieces are soon lost.

W. N. U., LINCOLN, NO. 26–1909.